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and **BYSTANDER**

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LONDON

JANUARY 30, 1946

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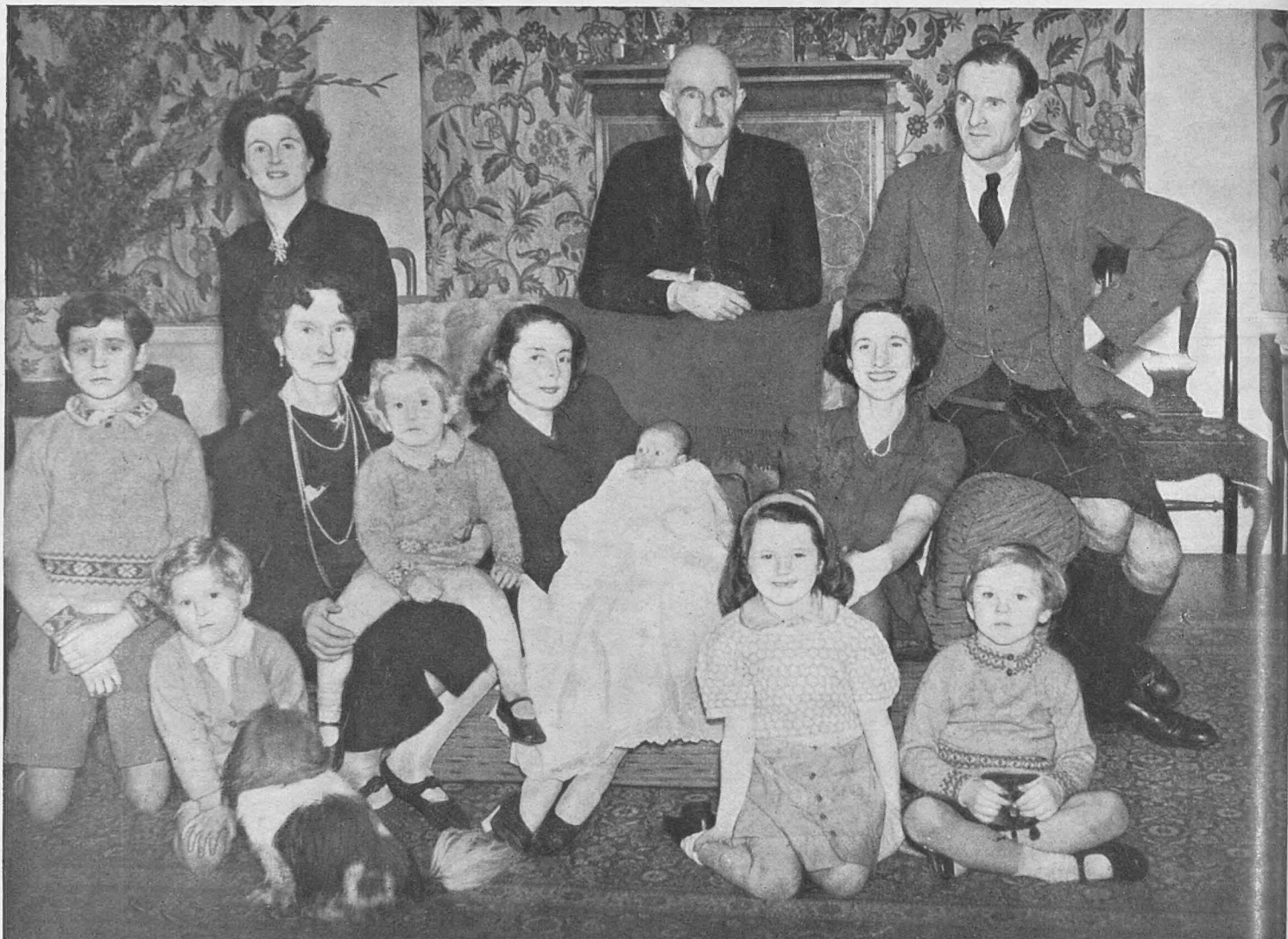
Vol. CLXXIX, No. 2327



Marcus Adams

Lady Violet Benson and Her Granddaughter

Lady Elizabeth Charteris is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss and granddaughter of Lady Violet Benson by her first marriage to Captain Lord Elcho, son of the 11th Earl Wemyss who was killed in the first World War. Lady Elizabeth was born in Johannesburg in July, 1941. Her mother, the Countess of Wemyss, is the former Miss Mavis Gordon Murray, daughter of Mr. E. E. Murray of Rondebosch, Cape Province. Lady Elizabeth's brother, the young Lord Elcho, was born last year



Members of the Macgregor family gathered at Cardney, Dunkeld, for the christening of the infant son of Major D. T. (Dochie) Macgregor, the Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Macgregor, formerly Miss Nighean Fraser

Simon Harcourt-Smith

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

"But better memory said, fie!"

—ANTHONY MUNDAY

Bernhardt

TO our most eminent authority upon the theatre in general, and Sarah Bernhardt in particular, I owe the solitary gleam of hope and gaiety I have known this week.

A fortnight ago when I dared to speak in these columns with some slight levity of the Bernhardt, I mentioned my expectation of wrath from my elders. My expectation has been justified, the wrath has descended—in the shape of a letter from the distinguished expert, a letter amiable, erudite, and indignant, four typed pages long.

Poets, painters, architects, musicians often come to life long after they have been laid in the frozen ground. During their lifetimes, Bach and Greco, for instance, were of far less moment, gave far less pleasure than they do now. But the art of acting is of a character even more fleeting than the art of cookery. We may with some fidelity be able to re-create a sauce that pleased Trimalchio. But we shall never know what the *Birds* of Aristophanes or for that matter what *A Midsummer Night's*

Dream sounded like when first played. All the more heart-warming is it then in this time of boredom, unhappiness and lassitude, to find a busy man leaping to such passionate and learned defence of Bernhardt's renown, which is a matter affecting not one jot the lives of anybody of my age or younger.

So long as the theatre can inspire so fervid, so permanent a love for the genius of a particular player, there still lingers some hope for Western European man.

Culpa Mea

NOW for the body of the remonstrance. The eminent authority accuses me of lying when I said that I saw Bernhardt play *L'Aiglon* from a bath-chair. He admits, however, she was in the habit of playing parts from a couch or litter, after her disabilities rendered standing impossible.

Now, the casual reader might think the details in my story to which my amiable opponent takes exception are of little importance—that the

difference between a couch and a bath-chair is a mere matter for a furniture experts' quarrel. Not a bit of it. In a column like this, one must try to preserve an accuracy no less strict than that which must rule a work of history.

I have given the impression that I saw Bernhardt play the whole of *L'Aiglon* from a sitting position, when I saw her play only parts of it. And I am quite ready to believe I am mistaken when I said she sat in a bath-chair. It was many years ago, when I was very young. It may quite easily have been a couch, or a litter. For my inaccuracy I therefore am only too ready to don the sackcloth which Sarah's champion obligingly holds out for me.

Bernhardt's Taste

BUT when he quotes as an authority so inconsiderable a personage as Verneuil, when he says, "Sarah had an intense horror of the ridiculous," I can accept his dictamony with difficulty. He has seen Sarah an infinity of times in her heyday, I saw

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH PORTRAITS IN PRINT

her only once, when she was old and terrifying and pathetic; I have only the wonderful testimony of Proust to the magic of her performance in *Phédre*. But I cannot believe any woman who acts the duc de Reichstaft at the age of fifty-five, or for that matter at the age of sixty-nine, who acts the title role of *Hamlet* at the age of fifty-four, and who had such an uncertain taste in dramatic literature—let us remember that most of her triumphs were scored in plays not always of the first quality, and that at a time when the whole world wished to write for her—cannot have possessed a very highly developed sense of the ridiculous.

La Voix d'Or

THE other point to which my remonstrator takes violent exception is my story of how Sarah acquired her *voix d'or*. He cites that great dramatic critic, Sarcey, to prove that the *voix d'or* was making audiences swoon long before Sarah ever played in a piece by Victorien Sardou. He tells me that her American tour before this date had brought in 2,667,600 francs, and he cites an impressive list of artists who had painted her portrait. I do not in any way contest his facts, but I would remind our expert that I was careful merely to tell the anecdote, cautiously saying I liked it, "however untrue it may be."

"Votre Petit Racine Passera Comme le Café"

THE last thing I would ever want to do is to injure anybody's feelings on a point so abstract as the genius of an actress belonging to another generation. I wish I could efface from my memory the impression of horror which Sarah in her old age inspired in me—an impression which incidentally I find shared by at least two French friends among my contemporaries. I wish I could only think of her as the lovely genius with whom all people of taste were in love fifty or sixty years ago. And I am only too ready to accept proof that my story about the *voix d'or* is nothing but a fable. But I cannot help thinking that the last generation defend Sarah so passionately, partly because she is the symbol of their youth. They were young, they think, at the last significant moment in history. And I am not at all sure they are not right. A time that could give to the world Bernhardt, Gide, Degas, Debussy and Apollinaire is surely superior

to the age of Mr. Hemingway, Miss Grable and the Atomic Bomb. I feel, nevertheless, that in their attitude is something of Madame de Sevigné's short-sightedness when Racine first attracted the attention of Paris. Madame de Sevigné had grown up with the glory of Corneille. She could not bear to see it challenged. She would not therefore admit that Racine amounted to anything. "Votre petit Racine," she cried, "passera comme le café!" But both coffee and Racine have become something more than a passing fashion.

Canterbury

I WOKE up on Sunday to a world of glistening white branches and sparkling treacherous roads. It is sad to think how almost all the seasons have been ruined for us by genius long dead. The Elizabethans talked so much about the spring, one would need the unselfconsciousness of a great Victorian to write anything more about it. Innumerable Chinese paintings, every other Japanese print, profane the beauty of a white frost. But it was, I repeat, an exquisite if glacial morning, as we slithered past regiments of frost-tipped bare hop-poles on our pilgrimage to Canterbury. The shrine of St. Thomas à Becket in the cathedral was in the Middle Ages no less important a place of pilgrimage than Santiago de Compostela in Spain. It gave us Chaucer's classic (which I am philistine enough to think something of a bore) and it gave us the word "canter" that originally meant the easy pace at which one proceeded down the pilgrim road. The life of Canterbury town centred round the shrine from the moment when Henry II's worshipping there was followed within a few days by his victory over the Scots in the Battle of Alnwick, to the sad year of 1538 when Henry VIII's commissioners destroyed every vestige of that great object of pilgrimage. It is sad, for England does not own very many saints of European fame.

St. Augustin's Chair

THE huge cathedral with its different levels of floor reminds me of nothing so much as some vast ship, with a towering fore-castle, and low poop. It seems like a great ship, too, in the impression it gives of being a complete world in itself, perhaps because of the detachment with which it soars over the bare space where houses stood until the German attack of three years ago. Today you can see Canterbury better, I suppose, than at any time since the Middle Ages. It would be a thousand pities, from the viewpoint of the casual tourist, at least, if the prospect were now obstructed anew by half-timbered cosy nooks and British Restaurants.

To me one of the most moving objects in the cathedral is the Chair of St. Augustin, the ceremonial seat of the archbishop. An austere functional piece of marble, it can have had little to do with Augustin, for it is not probably much earlier than the twelfth century. But about its smooth grey severity there lingers an atmosphere of such authority, one can readily understand why the Holy See at one time used to refer to the Archbishop of Canterbury as the "Pope of the Western World." And another relic no less poignant is the mortal remains of the Cardinal de Coligny, brother to the admiral who was murdered in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. In a plain leaden case they have lain in the ambulatory apparently awaiting shipment to France ever since the middle of the sixteenth century.

Xenophobia

WE went to lunch at one of Canterbury's best-known and more unpleasant inns. There were some French friends with us. When my host inquired if the inn had any wines, the innkeeper, thinking from our conversation we were French, declared truculently: "No wines; you're in England now, and we won the war." After the way some of our Allies have behaved, I can understand a wave of xenophobia sweeping over this country. But not against France. Nor does any diplomatic tiff excuse rank bad manners.



Mrs. Cavenagh Mainwaring and son,
Charles Rafe

Mrs. Cavenagh Mainwaring is the wife of
Commander M. K. Cavenagh Mainwaring,
D.S.O., Royal Navy, and daughter of Lt.-Col.
Charles Denaro, O.B.E., of Malta



Madame Nachât Pasha and Leila

Madame Nachât, who married Dr. Hassan
Nachât Pasha when he was Egyptian Ambassa-
dor to the Court of St. James in September,
1944, was Miss Patricia Priest



Mrs. Simmonds with her daughter

Mrs. Simmonds is the wife of S/Ldr. Vernon
Churchill-Simmonds. Before her marriage she
was Shirley Faulkner-Home, under which name
she writes books for children

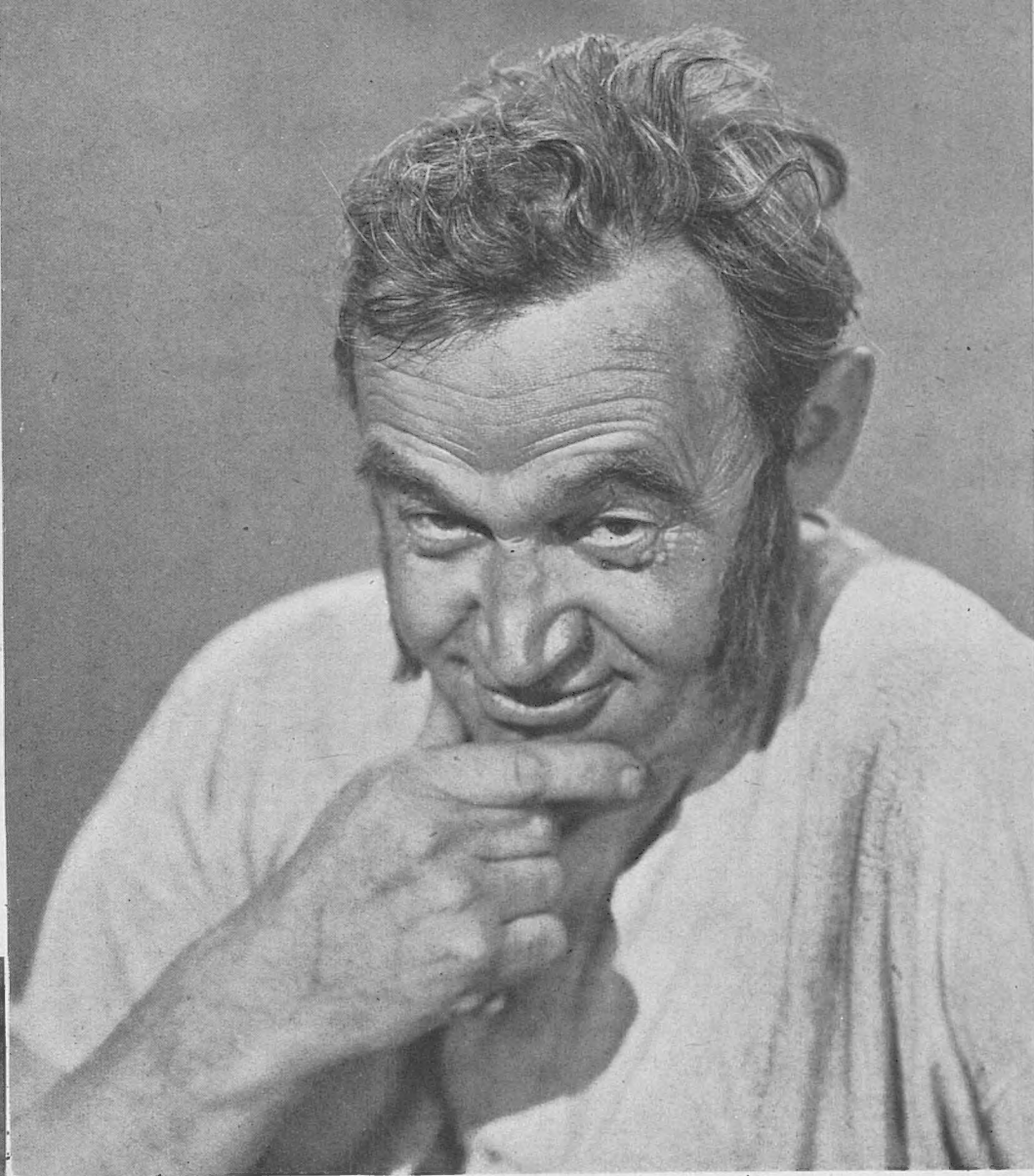


"Who is the—er—grand fromage around here?"

"Two Years Before The Mast"

Hollywood's Film of Richard Henry Dana's Famous Book

● *Two Years Before the Mast* is the film of Dana's famous book, which exposed the conditions in which Merchant Navy men went to sea in 1825, and did much to improve conditions in the Service. Alan Ladd plays the part of Charles Stewart, profligate son of the owner of Pilgrim, the brig captained by Francis Thompson—a martinet with a bad reputation. On orders from the captain, played by Howard da Silva, a forced crew is picked up at Boston among whom is Stewart. On the voyage round Cape Horn, Thompson lives up to his reputation. His determination to make record time and refusal to put into port for fresh food supplies results in an outbreak of scurvy, unrest and finally murder. When the ship anchors the crew mutinies and Thompson and the first mate are killed. The crew take the ship back to Boston, Dana—who is played by Brian Donlevy—gets his book published, the crew are pardoned and improved conditions for the Merchant Navy are assured



Barry Fitzgerald as the Irish cook, Dooley



Brian Donlevy as Dana finds Alan Ladd, as Stewart eating filched chicken

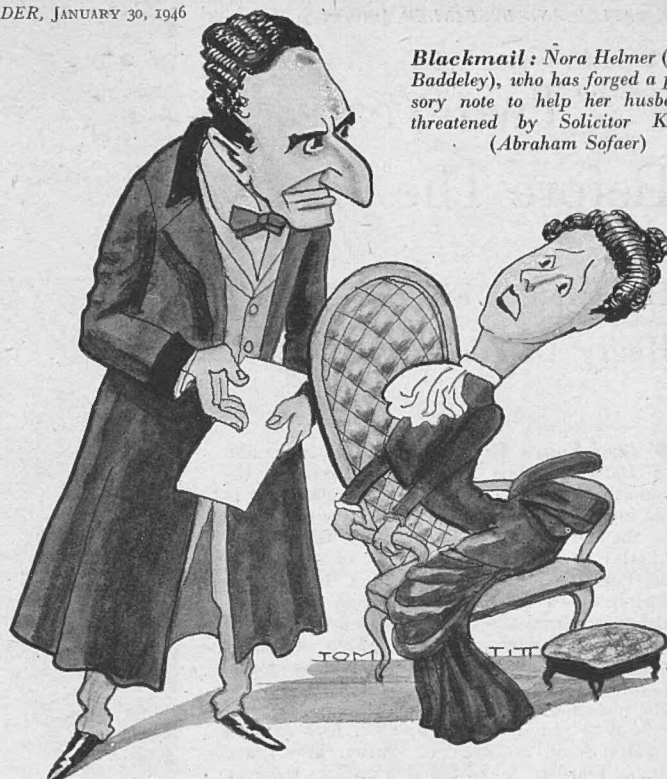


Rosa Rey playing Mercedes is too sea-sick to eat

Blackmail: Nora Helmer (Angela Baddeley), who has forged a promissory note to help her husband, is threatened by Solicitor Krogstad (Abraham Sofaer)



Deceit: Nora dances in an effort to deceive her husband, Torvald (John Stuart)



The Theatre

"A Doll's House" (Winter Garden)

YES, another revival, but the more revivals that are forced upon us the more certain are we of one thing—that storytelling will carry the preaching long after the preaching has grown musty. (It would be by no means surprising if Pinero, who was on intimate terms with a vanished society, should one day catch the ear of an entirely different set of people simply by his power of telling a story.) Ibsen had in this matter forgotten more than Pinero ever learned. He could always command the triply effective narrative stroke which enlivens and advances the immediate situation, lights up a character's past and prepares the audience for the big situation ahead. No wonder that, though we have no overwhelming wish to see an Ibsen revival ("A Doll's House—but I've seen it"), we have not been in the theatre for a quarter of an hour before every thought of escaping has been banished. The old storyteller has us in thrall.

OF the preaching in this play no one would be more impatient, perhaps, than a reincarnated Ibsen. For it is a tribute to his agility as a thinker that the departure of Nora, instead of seeming an end in itself, should tempt us today to picture her stern creator in full cry after the emancipated woman she became when the door slammed behind her. Of what might he have accused her? Of a continuing imitativeness, of a fundamental lack of originality in her contribution to the serious business of the world he had helped to open to her? The A.T.S., the W.A.A.F.S. and the W.R.N.S. might to some of us seem to have a nobly adequate answer, but the pernicky Norwegian could be depended on to find some flaw in that line of justification. The Nora of 1889 was, after all, a well-meaning little woman. She was in a silly sort of way a fond mother and an affectionate wife, and her

forgery of a bill was only an act of devotion inspired by her determination to raise a sum of money to enable her husband to make a tour which was necessary to restore his health. None of our modern dramatists would lack sympathy for such a darling. But Nora sees herself through Ibsen's eyes as a doll shamefully ignorant of reality, a wife kept for her husband's pleasure merely, and when she finds that he is less chivalrous than she had thought him she slams the door on home, husband and children. It is difficult to believe that anything she did thereafter would have completely satisfied Ibsen: he was never averse to reviewing his own conclusions.

BUT what a good story this breaking up of the 1889 doll's house remains! It is not on this occasion very happily re-told; and yet it holds the stage. There has been an orgy of miscasting. Miss Angela Baddeley is an excellent actress, but some inborn integrity of character makes it difficult to believe that she could ever be as flighty and as silly as Nora was while she was the happy little squirrel and singing bird of the doll's house. In all the early and middle parts of the play she is acting against the temperamental grain; and it is only in the final reckoning between husband and wife that she is really Nora. And she gets very little help from anybody, except Mr. Abraham Sofaer whose blackmailer is touched with pathos as well as with desperate malignity. Mr. John Stuart falls into the dullness which must belong to a Torvald in whom the actor fails to perceive the reason that Torvald perceives in himself; and Nora's admirer, Dr. Rank, is played by the incorrigibly cheerful Mr. Oliver Johnston, who naturally misses what is sombre and arresting in the dying man's gaiety.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Sketches by
Tom Titt

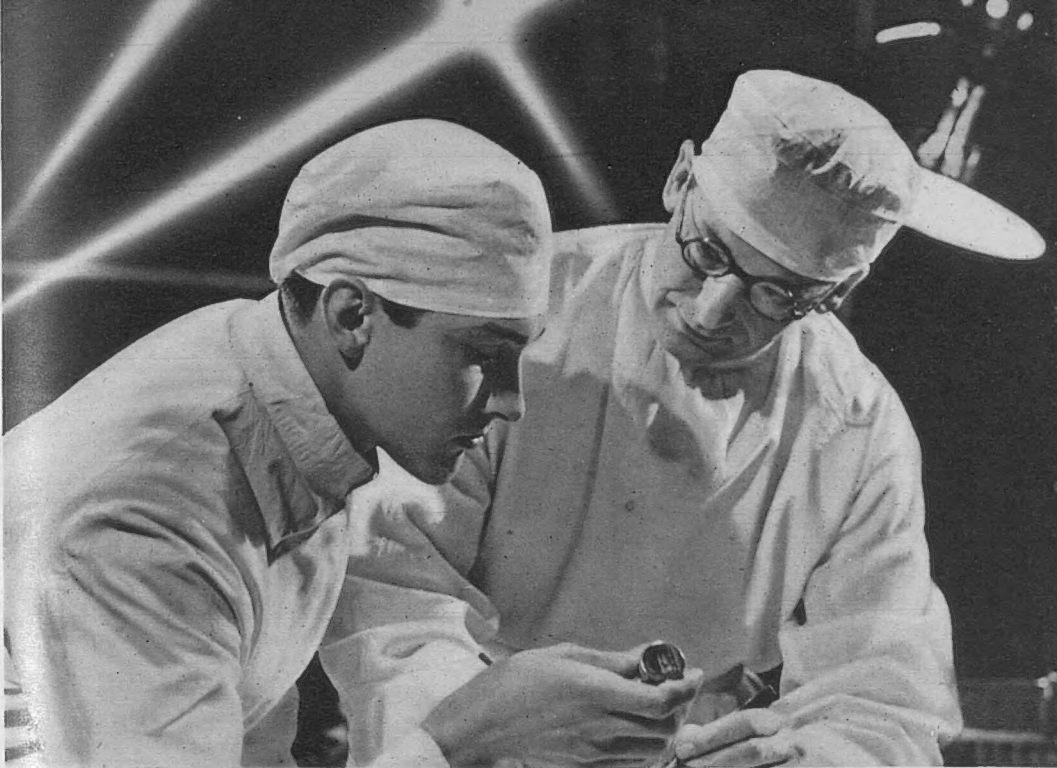
Flirtation: Nora, desperate for money, tries to tempt her admirer, Dr. Rank (Oliver Johnston)

"Death of a Rat"

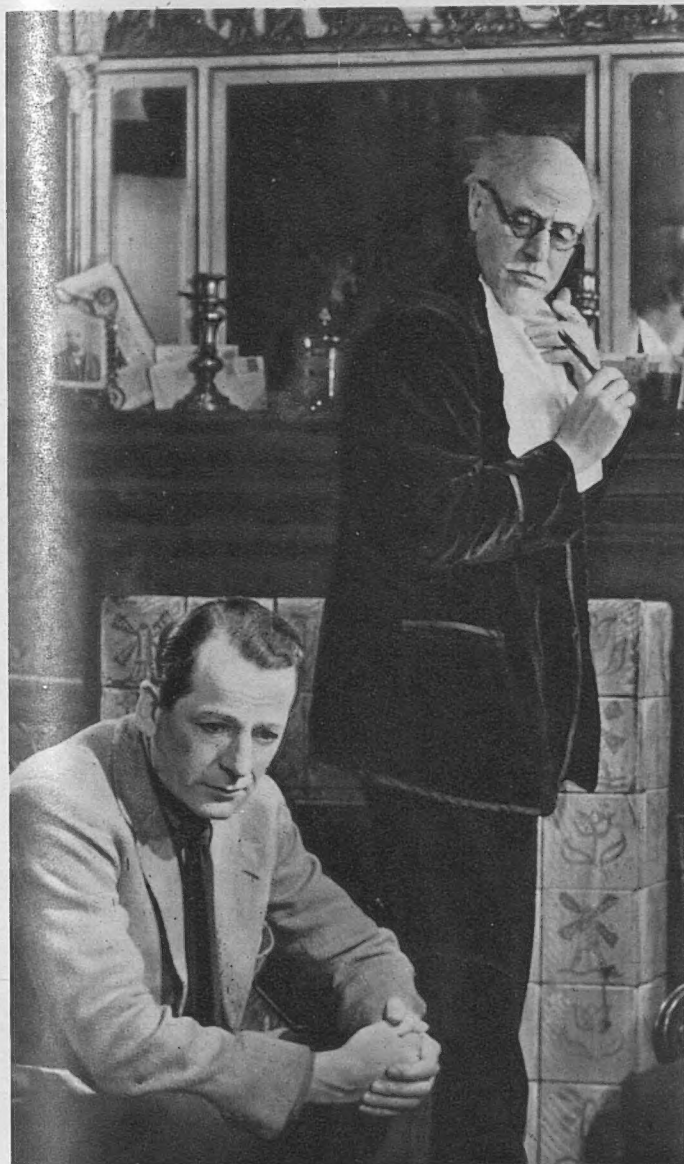
A Play Based on
Scientific Research

● Jan de Hartog's new play, *Death of a Rat*, is presented at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, by the Company of Four. The action of the play is set in Amsterdam and centres round a young girl whose body, decayed by disease, survives in spite of scientific proof that life is no longer a possibility, because of her love for a young doctor. *Death of a Rat* is directed by Murray Macdonald, with settings by W. Stanley Moore

Photographs by
Angus McBean



The play opens in a laboratory of the Amsterdam Institute of Cancer Research, February 1940. Wilts (Robert Harris) and Karels (Terry Morgan) are engrossed in a post-mortem. Their work is stopped by an air raid rehearsal



In a flashback Wilts is shown as a young man. He is living with his Professor (Alastair Sim), both of them absorbed in the girl Yolan, whose existence appears to offer scientific proof of the power of mind over matter



Pamela Brown as the Girl Who is Kept Alive by Love

JENNIFER WRITES

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

SKATING AT SANDRINGHAM

FROST and ice put an end to any hope of organised shooting at Sandringham for several days. In spite of this, however, the small Royal Party managed to enjoy themselves enormously, as the lake near the house, where His Majesty has often played that swiftest and most exciting of all games, ice hockey, froze over hard enough to skate on.

With men and girls from the Royal Estates, the King and the Princesses spent several hours skimming over the ice.

His Majesty and some of his friends managed to find occasional sport in walks through the woods, on the chance of putting up a rabbit here and there.

PRINCESS AT THEATRE

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH travelled up from Sandringham and stayed one night at Buckingham Palace so that she could join a party of her young friends to see Miss Daphne du Maurier's play *The Years Between*, at Wyndham's Theatre.

Accompanied by her Lady-in-Waiting, the Hon. Mrs. Vicary Gibbs, the Princess joined her cousins, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, the two younger daughters of Lord and Lady Elphinstone. Among the men in the party were Capt. John Wills and Mr. Christopher Petherick, who are both in the Life Guards. The latter is a nephew of the Earl of Radnor and younger son of Mr. George and Lady Jeane Petherick. One of Winchester's big social events at the beginning of this month was the marriage of his sister to the Hon. John Ashley Cooper, the Earl of Shaftesbury's younger son, in the Cathedral.

Others in the Princess's party were Mr. Michael Naylor-Leyland, second son of Sir Edward and Lady Naylor-Leyland; Miss Penelope Henderson and Mr. Michael Tree.

After the theatre the Princess drove back to the Palace with Mrs. Gibbs, and then left again to rejoin the party at Quaglin's, where they dined and danced until midnight.

Both the Princess's journeys to and from London were made by train.

While her sister was in London, Princess Margaret went over to Norwich with the Queen and Queen Mary to the Thanksgiving for Victory Concert given in the Cathedral.

NEXT MORNING

BEFORE she returned to Sandringham H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth saw Col. R. B. Colvin, Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding the Grenadier Guards, and had a long talk with him about the regiments of which she is the Colonel.

She is very interested in the futures of the officers and men of the Grenadiers who are awaiting demobilisation, and is anxious that they should all manage to find the jobs they want in civilian life.

PREMIER AT CLARIDGE'S

HARD-WORKED as he is at the present moment, Mr. Attlee yet found time the other evening to attend the British Government's reception to the British and Foreign Press attached to U.N.O.

He came, he said, merely to "look in," but eventually stayed for an hour chatting to the various Press representatives from the fifty-one nations, all of whom were delighted to see him there.

Also chatting to the Press were Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, Minister of State, and Miss Ellen Wilkinson, Minister of Education. Among the journalists, perhaps the best-known was Mme. Genevieve Tabouis, the French Diplomatic Correspondent, who is said to carry the secrets of all Europe in her handbag. She was wearing her usual black—and, as ever, it seemed the perfect setting for her energetic, vital personality.

WARWICKSHIRE HUNT BALL

MAJOR and Mrs. Jimmy Dance are to be congratulated on the superb way they ran the Warwickshire Hunt Ball, which was held in the Shire Hall, Warwick. It was voted by everyone a really good party and one of the best Hunt balls this famous and fashionable hunt has ever held.

The hall was gaily decorated with evergreens and scarlet poinsettias, and here again there

were two bands, one being the Rumba Band from the Bagatelle.

Major and Mrs. Dance brought a party which included Capt. Hector and Lady Jean Christie and Col. and Mrs. Alan Palmer. Lady Bearsted was there with her three sons and her future daughter-in-law, Mrs. Serocold, whose engagement was recently announced to the Hon. Peter Samuel, M.C. Mrs. Peggy Dunne was with Mr. Peter and Lady Henrietta Tiarks, and receiving many congratulations on the success of her good 'chaser Boccaccio at Windsor that afternoon.

Brig. and Mrs. Speed brought a party of eight, including Capt. and Mrs. Ralph Leyland, Major Bill Bovill, Mrs. Michael Hickman and Major Cowdell. Sir Charles Wiggin was there with his son John, who is in the Grenadiers, and whom I saw dancing with Lady Margaret Fortescue.

Capt. and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid came together, the latter looking pretty in black and gold, but a little dismayed as she came face to face with an exact replica of her dress as she entered the hall. The Cunningham-Reids were two of the lucky people just off to Switzerland for winter sports.

Others I saw were Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Rank, the Hon. Denzil and Mrs. Fortescue, Mrs. Victor Cartwright with her son and daughter (they gave a dance in their home the following night which went on well into the early hours of the morning); Mr. John Lakin, who was Joint-Master of the Warwickshire up to the outbreak of war, with his wife, who is one of Lord Cowdray's sisters; Mr. "Gugs" Weatherby, who brought his son, David; Lady Watson, who had come over from her home at Kineton, and Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke.

FILM PREMIÈRE

TOMORROW night's film première of *Two Years Before the Mast* is in aid of the Navy League's Sea Corps Cadets Appeal, and the Duchess of Kent has graciously consented to attend.

Lady Waddilove is once again chairman of a Première Committee, and for this one she held only one meeting.



M. Philippe Lecampe, the well-known Mitre chef (right), makes a proud entrance helped by three of his staff



The Traditional Ceremony of Bringing in the Boar's Head Provides a Big

F/O. John Scrimgeour, Mr. Markham Scrimgeour, Mr. Arthur Rowse, Mr. Bartlett Love and Miss Valerie Rowse



Two London Christenings: One at the House of Commons, the Other at Holy Trinity

Patricia Margaret, daughter of the Hon. Edward Carson, Member for the Isle of Thanet, and of Mrs. Heather Carson, was christened in the Crypt, House of Commons. Mrs. Carson is the daughter of Lt.-Col. F. A. Sclater, O.B.E., M.C. She married the late Lord Carson's younger son in 1943

John Richard, son of Lt.-Cdr. John Boyle, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., and of Mrs. Boyle, of High Leaze, Oare, Marlborough, was christened at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Mrs. Boyle is the only daughter of General Sir Robert Gordon-Finlayson, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

The speakers were Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Chairman of the Navy League, and Sir Patrick Hannon, who has been connected with the League for nearly forty years.

In spite of a very heavy cold, Sir Patrick was able to make himself heard, though his throat was affected and he must have been in some distress. He told listeners what a splendid memorial this junior part of the Navy League was to the late Lord Lloyd, who, among other things, had raised the League to what it was to-day. He said he considered it the most important of all youth movements.

Among those attending the meeting who took tickets for the première were the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, one of the Vice-Presidents; Lady Suenson-Taylor, Mrs. Tufnell, Mrs. Carson Roberts, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Lady Hood, Miss Mathilde Marks, the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, Mrs. Littlejohn-Cook and Lady Cunningham.

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN LUNCHEON

THE Anglo-Egyptian Society gave a luncheon at the Dorchester recently in honour of the Egyptian Foreign Secretary, His Excellency Abdel Hamid Badawi Pasha, who is visiting this country.

There were nearly 200 guests at the luncheon, who were admirably entertained by Sir Thomas Cook, chairman of the Society, and his charming wife. Lady Cook had come up especially for the lunch from their home in Norfolk, where she takes such a great interest in all the local organisations.

The Egyptian Ambassador, Abdel Fattah Amir Pasha, was there, meeting many of his fellow-countrymen before lunch started. Sir Percy Loraine, a former British Ambassador in Cairo and a vice-president of the Anglo-Egyptian Society, was also meeting many Egyptian friends; he brought his attractive sister-in-law, the Countess of Abingdon, to the luncheon. Lady Abingdon, who is known as one of the best-dressed women in Europe, is Lady Loraine's only sister.

Other vice-presidents there were the Earl of Cromer, who was accompanied by his wife, Viscount Greenwood with Viscountess Greenwood, and Gen. Sir James Marshall-Cornwall with Lady Marshall-Cornwall.

Mr. Arthur Rank, hon. treasurer of the Society, and the Hon. Mrs. Rank, were chatting to Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, and all went into lunch together, where they sat

at the top table. The speeches were interesting, starting with Sir Thomas Cook, who firstly proposed the health of His Majesty the King and His Majesty the King of Egypt. He was followed by Lord Jowitt, who was sitting between Mme. Badawi Pasha and Mme. Chamoun, wife of the Lebanese Minister.

Lord Jowitt, who stood all the time in a characteristic pose holding both lapels of his coat, said that as Lord Chancellor he had been chosen to make this speech as representative of the Government, in view of the fact that their honoured guest, His Excellency Abdel Hamid Badawi Pasha, was also a leading member of the legal profession in his own country.

His Excellency replied in English, saying that the friendship between our two countries had emerged from this war greater than it had ever been, and that he hoped, with close co-operation, we could look forward to a better and more enlightened world. Among others at the luncheon were Lady Jowitt, H.E. the Syrian Minister and Mme. Al Armanazi, H.E. the Lebanese Minister, H.E. the Saudi-Arabian Minister, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare, Sir Richard Allen and his brother, Mr. Harold Allen.



Moment in Festivities at Oxford's Famous Old Coaching House, The Mitre Hotel

Miss B. Hickling, Dr. T. Thorne, Mrs. T. Thorne and Capt. C. W. Stapleton shared a table for four

Dr. and Mrs. David Evans, Major Frank Tindall, Mr. Peter Benham, Miss Ann Brown, Miss D. Woods, Lt. Philip Thresher and Miss Pamela Ellesmore were the guests of Mrs. Arthur Chubb



Lady Juliet Margaret Smith, rising five, is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead and granddaughter of Lord Camrose

Photographs by Swæbe



Timothy Neame, son of Colonel and Mrs. Lionel Neame



Brian and Frances are the Two Children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny



Snow provides the background for Jill and Simon's New Year greeting. They are the children of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Peter Benton Jones

Girls and Boys Come Out to Play

"I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child"

—A Child's Hymn of Praise



Lana, three-year-old daughter of
Lord and Lady Errington



James and Michael, twin sons of the Hon. Richard
and Mrs. Denison-Pender



Kirstin and Nicholas Lowther lost their father, Lt. John
Lowther, R.N.V.R., in the tragic air-crash which also killed
the late Duke of Kent. Their mother is now Mrs. Corner



Ann Van Wyck Exercises Her Pony in the Park



Pamela May, Who Will "Double" with Margot Fonteyn the Part of the Princess Aurora

Covent Garden Opens Again

The "Sleeping Princess," with Grand Scale Decor by Oliver Messel, and Margot Fonteyn as Prima Ballerina, Will Run for a Fortnight from the Third Week in February Under the New Title of "The Sleeping Beauty"

COVENT GARDEN, opening again as a theatre for the first time in nearly seven years the third week in February, is to offer us as its first presentation a revival of Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Princess*.

With an entirely new decor by Oliver Messel, and an orchestra of seventy, the ballet will be danced by the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, the most internationally famous British theatrical company, and is to be re-named *The Sleeping Beauty*.

The original production of this ballet took place at the Maryinsky Theatre in 1890 with costumes and decor by Vsevolozhsky.

It was revived by the Diaghileff Company in England at the Alhambra in 1921 with Bakst's sets. Not until eighteen years later was the *Sleeping Princess* seen again in London, when it was danced in February 1939 at the Royal

Opera House, Covent Garden, at the gala in honour of President Lebrun.

In this production, which was revived by Sergueeff, with costumes and decor by Nadia Benois, Margot Fonteyn appeared as the Princess Aurora.

In the new production shortly to take place she will appear again in this part as prima ballerina. It will not be her first appearance on that stage. She remembers dancing there "in the back row" eleven years ago, during the International Opera Season, when she was a student at Sadler's Wells.

Alternating with her in the part will be Pamela May, who in the Sadler's Wells production in 1939 danced the Rose Fairy.

As *The Sleeping Beauty* is to run nightly for a fortnight, it has been considered too much for

one person to dance Princess Aurora throughout, and Pamela May will be taking the part on alternate nights.

This will be Miss May's last season dancing, as she is to get married again.

Several new ballets will be presented by the Company, including Frederick Ashton's ballet to Franck's *Variations Symphonique* with decorations by Sophie Fedorovitch.

There will also be a new ballet by Robert Helpmann, with music by Arthur Bliss and decorations by Roger Furse. Later on another new ballet by Ashton and a new work by Ninette de Valois will be seen. Both these ballets will be to original scores.

When the ballet company goes to France the French Opera Company will be coming over here.

Later in the year a company from the Royal Opera of Stockholm is expected.



Photographs by Gordon Anthony

Margot Fonteyn, Who Will Again Appear as the Princess Aurora in "The Sleeping Beauty"

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"Life is all a variorum;
We regard not how it goes.
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose."

Robert Burns

"*CA NE TOURNE PAS ROND!*" say the man, woman and child in the street—not to mention the baby under the rose-bush—and when I open the daily papers, which only arrive by what is known here as the First Post, long after breakfast is forgotten, I heartily sympathise. When I have read a dozen contradictory editorials, I realise that indeed the wheels are not turning smoothly; in fact, their manner of turning is more of the whirling order, same-like an over-loaded but light-powered car in a muddy lane . . . the wheels go round all right, but they don't advance and, *mong Dew*, the mud they throw up! All the divergent opinions point to one thing, however, that has been said, or, rather, written, many years ago. I wonder if *le grand Charles* ever reads those lines of another famous Charles: "What ever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was before hand with all the Public Departments in the art of perceiving HOW NOT TO DO IT. . . ."

For one's peace of mind, it might be wiser to read only one paper, but, as a Bayswater brat, I was brought up in an atmosphere where mamma read the *Figaro*, papa read the *Intransigeant*, my governess the *Daily Telegraph*; cook and the maids glanced at the *Daily Mirror* or the Pictorial Something or Other, while the boot-boy chuckled over *Comic Cuts* and I devoured any of the lot that I could get hold of. Since, to quote an old French proverb, "He who hears only one bell hears only one sound," I must have thrived on chimes.

Having formed the habit early, I now find it easy—if not pleasant—to spend an hour every morning absorbing the contents of a dozen complimentary copies of uncomplimentary rags, with the difference, however, that in the old days one knew, fairly well, where one stood, while now nothing so much resembles one mud-flinging rag than t'other one, and, with a sigh of relief, I turn to the *Figaro* and the *Daily Herald* (these, being the Real Thing, are not complimentary . . . and very rightly so, I astens to hadd), wherein I invariably find something that helps me to cling to the optimism that

I have pledged myself to feel ever since the New Year. After all, if one must make good resolutions, optimism is as good a racket as any!

HAVING finished with the "news," I sally forth all merry and gay, if not bright and early, since—as I have already intimated—the *facteur* brings the mail when he thinks he will. The pessimist might grouch about this, but the optimist says, "Well, well, why shouldn't the pore bloke have *his* breakfast in bed, too?" Besides, I have every reason to be merry and gay. It has rained all night, and as I pass her *loge* my concierge tells me that a friend of hers, whose sister knows the cousin of the charwoman who works for the wife of One-High-Placed in the C.P.D.E. (*Compagnie Parisienne de Distribution-d'Electricité*), says, positively, that the water "in the dams" is sky-high; from which I gather that the papers have been blethering about the continued electricity restrictions, and that I shall soon be able to melt down my no-longer-needed candles and have fried potatoes again . . . for, of course, the day is sure to come when I shall find some potatoes!

A recently reinstated motor-bus—we are rapidly returning to normal—passes the end of my street. Smallish crowds wait at that "stop," never more than twenty or thirty persons. That day the vehicle arrived at the same moment as I did, and I had a beautiful view of the interior . . . from a distance. "Standing room for three" chanted the conductor, bending to help an old lady up the step, but the ominous word "priority" came wafted on the breeze, and Two Young Things, somewhat breathless from a hundred-yard dash, but otherwise apparently hale and hearty, hopped lightly on to the platform. The old lady was hoisted after them, and the rest of us, except a one-legged soldier, who preferred to wait half an hour rather than face the scrum in the Metro, made for the lower regions of locomotion.

WONDERFUL training-ground for playing football in U.S.A., that old Paris Metro!

Besides, there's never a dull moment, if only on account of the way one has to dodge things when one is the right height to have lighted cigarettes poked in one's ears, flowing tresses blown against one's face, hat-pins (which are becoming quite fashionable, if one has a few thousands to spend on their jewelled heads) in one's eyes, and every kind of hard parcel thrust into one's ribs and the part of one's anatomy that, as my old friend Oliver-Onions would say, *one can't bruise!*

Then, too, the conversations are so entertaining: "Were you at the Opera last night?" "Yes! And when we were seated the musicians went on strike and we had to come out again. . . ." "The bathroom tap sprang a leak on Saturday morning!" "Lucky for you the plumber lives next door." "Yes, but Saturday afternoon, Sunday and Monday are holidays! . . ." "I heard there was meat at the Market in your *arrondissement* yesterday." "Yes, but cook broke her arm in the scramble! . . ." "What a pity the *cabarets* are closed!" "My dear, you do date! They're open again as private clubs, and the champagne is so much cheaper now the Government loses the entertainment tax . . . only, of course, you have to pay through your nose for an evening's membership card! . . ." "Have you filled in your taxation papers yet? My husband can't make sense of the new forms." "Not yet; we took *ours* round to the lawyer's." "What does he say?" "He wasn't there; they'd just taken him away to the asylum; he'd been trying to make out his own. . . ."

BUT by this time we had arrived at the Madeleine, near where I had a *rendezvous*. The husband was on time, and together we went to the little pub the name of which neither rack nor thumb-screws will induce me to divulge. But this time there was a notice on the closed door. We went home and opened the one-before-last box of "Spam," spoils of my days with the Third U.S. Army. Who cares? Sufficient unto the day is the Spam thereof . . . and one can still buy bicarbonate at an almost normal price!



Period Costume—Modern Footwear



Bow Tie—With a Difference



A Kiss for the Bridegroom

A French Wedding in the Latin Quarter



The Bride and Her Groom Lead the Way to the Reception

● Not long ago two architecture students of the Beaux Arts School in Paris, M. Jean-Jacques Steinhauser and Mlle. Anna-Marie Proszynka, decided to get married. It was an occasion for a party, and their fellow-students took full advantage of it. Someone, somehow, managed to collect a goodly array of food, costumes were borrowed or hired for anything up to 100 francs, and for a few hours all the difficulties and restrictions of post-war Paris were forgotten, their place taken by good-hearted gaiety, much fooling and a little mockery. These young students of the Beaux Arts School work hard and play enthusiastically. Most of them live on 4000 francs or less a month, many of them going to jobs after school in order to support themselves

Photographs by Pictorial Press



The Wedding Group will be among the bride's most treasured possessions



Citizens All



The Best Man Contributed Cheese



A Guest Adds His Blessing



Capt. H. L. Christie, Mr. Alan Palmer, Mrs. Palmer and Lady Jean Christie. Lady Jean is the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Zetland



Mr. P. Tiarks and Mrs. Peggy Dunne found brief respite from the strenuous dancing in a quiet corner



Miss Meg Rymond, Mr. Tony Page-Croft, Miss Jean Rymond and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rymond. Mr. A. E. Rymond is M.F.H. the Atherstone Hunt



The Chef Proudly Presents

The Warwick Victory

Over Five Hundred Guests,
the First Post-War



Major and Mrs. Jimmy Dance were congratulated all round on the superb organisation of the ball, for which they were responsible



Masterpiece—a Hunting Picture in Sugar

Hunt Ball at Shire Hall

ancing Till the Early Hours; Celebrate
ant Ball of the Warwickshire

graphs by Swaebe



Lady Bearsted, who was there with several of her family, sat one out with Mr. H. Tiarks. Her eldest son, the Hon. Marcus Samuel, is M.F.H. the Warwickshire Hunt



Mrs. Jerram, Capt. Briscoe, Mrs. Littler, Lieut.-Col. E. J. Jerram, Mrs. Crosskey and Lieut. K. Adams



The Hon. M. R. Samuel, Miss Elizabeth Profumo, the Hon. A. G. Samuel, Mrs. Serocold and the Hon. P. M. Samuel. The engagement of Mrs. Serocold and Mr. P. M. Samuel was announced recently



Major C. H. Liddell, Mrs. C. H. Liddell, Major M. Nickalls (the Hunt Secretary) and Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke

Sir Francis Rose

Painter, Illustrator,
Designer and Author

● During the next few months we shall be hearing a lot of Sir Francis Rose; several books of which he is the author, part-author or illustrator are due for publication. In addition, there are to be two one-man shows of his paintings—one in San Francisco in April, the other in Edinburgh. Sir Francis Rose succeeded his father, Sir Cyril Stanley Rose, in 1915, when he was six years old. He served in the R.A.F. from 1940 to 1942, when he was invalided out. In 1943 he married Mrs. Frederica Dorothy Sproul Bolton, daughter of the late Major-Gen. Sir Frederick Carrington, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who writes under the name of Dorothy Carrington

Photographs by F. J. Goodman

Sir Francis puts finishing touches to the brush drawings he has done for Gertrude Stein's new book, which is to be called "Gertrude Stein's First Reader and Three Plays".



Selecting textile and wallpaper designs for his book "Your Home," which discusses prefabricated houses and their decoration, and deals with housing from the Labour Party's point of view



Wearing a Chinese gown of rich velvet made for the late Empress of China, Sir Francis goes through the manuscript of "Shadowy Pinetrees," a collection of Nestorian meditations which he has arranged in English and illustrated

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Three Wise Men of the West

EVERYONE, excepting those who have always believed that they could have made a better job of the Tablets of Stone than the Original Author, will commend the Jockey Club's recently-issued General Statement of Policy, the two main planks of which are (1) cheaper and better accommodation for the racing public, and (2) better prize-money and less cost to run to the owner, who is the man who, with the breeder, provides the whole show. Into other details it is hardly necessary to enter, other than to congratulate the Stewards most sincerely upon looking after the very young. No two-year-old is now to run in any sweepstake with more than 200 sovs. added, and no plate of more than 500 sovs. before the Epsom Summer Meeting. This is, at any rate, something. If anyone is sufficiently curious, and studious, I suggest a visit to the South Kensington Natural History Museum to inspect the skeletons of Eclipse, who was not raced until he was five, and those of more modern race-horses, who had to take it on from two years upwards. I direct special attention to the vertebrae. In some of the moderns the flanges nearly overlap. Of the Three Wise Men, two are former Masters of Hounds, as well as being owners and breeders, and one of them a former and very good gentleman rider as well as an owner. The names are Sir Humphrey de Trafford, formerly Coldstream Guards, Lord Wellingborough de Broke, formerly 17th Lancers and ex-Master of the Warwickshire, and Lord Rosebery, formerly Grenadier Guards and ex-Master of the Whaddon Chase. Incidentally, one of Lord Rosebery's many titles is Baron Epsom. May it again prove to be a name of happy augury!

Chattenham

BACK to its old glory, plus an increase of over £2000 in added money on the 1939 figures, with all the time-honoured attractions restored, including, of course, the G.R.'s "Grand National," the National Hunt Steeplechase, the distance of which is 4 miles. It is a contest rarely won by a bad horse, and, certainly, never by a bad coachman. Bogskar, incidentally, ran in the 1939 race, the year before he won the Grand National, and no one fancied him very much. Mr. R. Black rode Litigant, the winner that year, beating the favourite, Santac (Mr. R. Petre), in very convincing style. Poor young "Kim" Muir (I. K., hence "Kim.") rode his own Tetray, who was quite well-fancied, but amongst the fallen, and this Kim Muir Memorial Cup, given by his sister, the former Jillian Muir, now Mrs. Evan Williams, serves to preserve the memory of one of a gallant band of roth Hussars who, in that pre-war period, were piling up the brackets in such good form: Mark Roddick, Roscoe Harvey, Davey and Kim were all in great heart, and at last the then C.O. (Charles Gairdner), in spite of an old, and bad, leg wound, thought that it was up to him to show his officers that they could not have it all their own way, and I think I remember that he pulled out a very nice dark-brown hunter he had, and won a point-to-point on him. The details elude me, so perhaps some kindly roth R.H. will supply them? He was a charming horse to ride, stood over a bit and jumped like a buck: perhaps these are clues? Kim Muir's father, Willie Muir, was Master of the Cotswold and was killed out hunting. He was a very old friend of mine, and I was proud to have ridden a few winners for him in the old days in India. He was a brother of Sir Kay Muir, who, in those Calcutta times, was very keen on pig-sticking, and rode well in those rather dangerous things the Calcutta paper-chases, long, rough and risky contests over quite often the worst imaginable going. The Paper-chase Cup is quite rightly rated as tough a ride as the Kadir, though, of course, quite unlike it, for it is nothing less than a 5-mile steeplechase, mainly in

choking dust, and over a very strongly-built line of mud walls, banks and bamboo obstacles. To revert to Kim Muir, his Tetray also fell in the Foxhunters' Steeplechase at Aintree in 1939, after jumping very well the first time round; but then there was a terrific amount of grief that year, loose horses all over the shop and an even greater pest than usual. Another horse young Kim used to ride with success was Away. He came down in the 1940 Grand National, Bogskar's year, somewhat early on if I remember. There were thirty runners and only seventeen finished.

The Late Sir George Arthur

EVERYONE who knew Sir George Arthur regretted his passing, both upon personal grounds and also because the really erudite are ever too few in our midst. Of his many brilliant achievements in biographical literature others have spoken at length: personally, I found it almost impossible to defeat him upon any subject. His knowledge and his memory were astounding. For instance, it was by pure chance that I discovered that he was an authority on armour as worn by cavalry. He told me of the dents made on the German breast-plates by the Chassepot bullets at Mars-la-Tour, and how an officer of our own Household Cavalry, fired by this story, once offered to let someone have a shot at him with the old Martini, whose bullet was soft-nosed, and wagered that it would not pierce the body armour, which used to be both a spectacle and a delight to the public. The adventurous officer was eventually persuaded to call the bet off, and a good thing too, for the old rifle was a very hard hitter at her own range! Sir George was much in favour of the movement of the day to reduce the weight on the back of the cavalry horse. He was always a very light weight himself, but he said that he believed he could not have sat on his horse's back much less than 14 st. when he first joined the 2nd Life Guards. This was quite possible, for the cavalry saddle alone weighed about 2 st., and there was on top of that the housings, the very heavy uniform, armour, weapons and boots of the rider. What the six-footers, 12 st. to 14 st. in their vamps, rode one almost shudders to think, and so much of it was dead weight. I should be surprised to be told that any troop horse in the Household Cavalry had much less than 20 st. on his back. However, that was better than the 23 st. of armour alone which the wretched horse of the time of Agincourt was reputed to be condemned to carry.

A Sad Casualty

IT is with personal regret that I hear of the death of the young officer who used to write to me so often during the Italian operations, and whom I christened "The Hoplite," because he was in the Grenadier Guards. It can now be announced that his name was Tom Streatfeild-Moore, a most promising young soldier, who did very well during the advance northward, having previously been all through the African campaign and, incidentally, helped to run a most successful race-meeting after Rommel had been disposed of. His death is all the more regrettable because he was killed in a car accident very shortly after the "Cease Fire" was sounded in Italy. The car in which he was travelling crashed into the rear of a truck, which had been left standing unlighted, and another person in the car besides "The Hoplite" was killed, and another officer, Mr. Desmond Chichester, was badly concussed. It is difficult adequately to express one's sympathy with his mother, and also with his brother-officers in his battalion, which, I understand, is now at Windsor.

Because of illness, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis is unfortunately unable to contribute his usual feature "Standing By." We hope that by next week he will be well enough to resume his weekly article.



The two Junior Finalists in the Under-Sixteen Squash Rackets at Queen's Club were J. Pettman, of Tonbridge, and E. N. C. Oliver, Winchester



Public Schools Squash Rackets

Senior Finalists were R. A. C. Bell, of Rugby (left), and C. B. Haycraft, Wellington. Haycraft, now the Public Schools Rackets Champion, beat Bell 17-14, 14-18, 16-15, 15-5



R.A.F. Squash Rackets Championship

On the left is James Dear, Professional Champion of Great Britain before the war, who beat G/Capt. Brian Burnett, D.F.C., A.F.C., the ex-Oxford Double Blue

Newmarket Bloodstock Sale

The Temperature Registered 37°—Most People Wrapped Up Warmly Against It. These *Tatler* Pictures Show the Interesting (and Ingenious) Variety of Clothing



Lady Irwin and Mrs. George Lambton wore leather coats lined with lambswool to keep out the cold



Miss "Babs" Lewis tops a heavy leather coat with a woollen pixie cap, drawn well forward over her ears



Lady Manton and Mrs. Geoffrey Harbord added woollen scarves against the weather under warm top-coats



Capt. Elsey wore a thick overcoat, while Capt. Boyd-Rochfort kept the wind out with a proofed, hooded flying jacket



Mr. Phillip Bull, seen with Mr. Teddy Lambton, set a new cold-weather fashion by wearing a white lambswool waistcoat over his suit, instead of an overcoat



Miss Patricia Bullock, with Lady Irwin, had their heads and hands well covered



Miss Norah Wilmot and Mrs. Alex Wood wore heavy fur coats



Miss Courtauld, Col. Holland, Mrs. Maxwell, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Nickalls all looked as though they felt the fall in the temperature



Officers of the 1st Bn. The Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's)

Sitting: Majors H. Moberly Bell, G. W. Stead, J. R. Burgess, R. Caulfield, Lt.-Col. C. S. Howard, O.B.E., Capt. P. J. Pasterfield, Capt. (QM.) C. W. Smart, Major H. J. Cumberland. First row, standing: Capt. R. F. J. Houe, Capt. G. A. Kempton, Lts. A. G. Walker, F. W. S. Heaney, J. Sharp, R.A.M.C., J. G. Chambers, P. N. Pearson, F. Ewan, Capt. R. P. Stephens, Lt. C. H. Brennon. Second row: Capt. S. W. Finn, 2nd Lt. J. C. Stegler, Capt. M. E. Batt, H. S. Lucas, J. C. Hindson, Lts. P. J. Mahoney, G. G. Eastwood, N. H. Fry. Back row: Capt. J. J. Connor, Capt. J. D. Majendie, 2nd Lt. G. W. Wheatley, Lt. G. R. Donaldson, M.M., Capt. J. C. I. Gillett

In the Services



Officers at a Northern R.N. Air Station

Sitting: Pay/Lt. G. P. M. FitzGerald, R.N.V.R., Pay/Lt.-Cdr. N. J. Rowlett, R.N.V.R., Pay/Capt. I. T. Rees, R.N., Pay/Lt.-Cdr. H. O. Worger, R.N.V.R., Pay/Lt. J. D. D. Henesey-Smith, R.N. Standing: Mr. C. C. Bennett, Wt. Writer, R.N., Pay/Lt. N. Catterall, R.N.V.R., Mr. S. T. Denison, Wt. Supply Officer, R.N., Pay/Sub-Lt. J. Conroy, R.N.V.R., Pay/Sub-Lt. F. Burns, R.N.V.R., 3rd/O. M. Kerr, W.R.N.S.



Technical Officers of a Royal Naval Air Station

Sitting: Lt. (A) R. J. T. Holland, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. (E) H. W. Boyde, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. (A/EP) J. Buckley, R.N.V.R., Lt. (A) L. M. Whittingham, R.N.V.R., Mr. W. F. M. Davies, Cd.A.O., R.N. Standing: Mr. G. Thomas, Wt. Elect., R.N., Sub-Lt. (E) C. A. Bird, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lt. (A) J. B. Corner, R.N.V.R., Mr. C. J. H. Stone, W.A.O., R.N., Mr. H. Dobson, W.A.O., R.N., Sub-Lt. (Sp) J. Waite, R.N.V.R., Elect. Mid. L. Lawson, R.N.V.R.



Officers of the 1st Bn. The King's Shropshire Light Infantry

Front row: Capt. (QM.) A. W. Perry, M.B.E., Majors R. Evans, M.C., R. L. Otter-Barry, M.C., I. G. Mansell, D.S.O., Lt.-Col. W. H. Hulton-Harrop, D.S.O., Major G. F. Doggett, M.C., Major J. J. Jockelson, M.C., Capt. H. Ripley, Capt. W. Hanmer, M.C. Centre: Lt. J. H. Dwyer, M.C., Capt. C. Ferry, W. Thornton-Wakeford, M.C., N. M. Robins, M. T. Jones, Lts: K. W. Mayoh, M. F. Foster, B. G. Wyman, E. G. L. Godden. Back row: Capt. J. W. Whiles, Capt. F. G. Bird, Lts. H. J. Meadows, G. A. Reckless, J. R. W. Plumridge, Capt. T. O. Candler, R.A.M.C., Lts. G. S. Wallis, E. M. Huntbach, D. D. Murphy, Capt. C. D. Morris

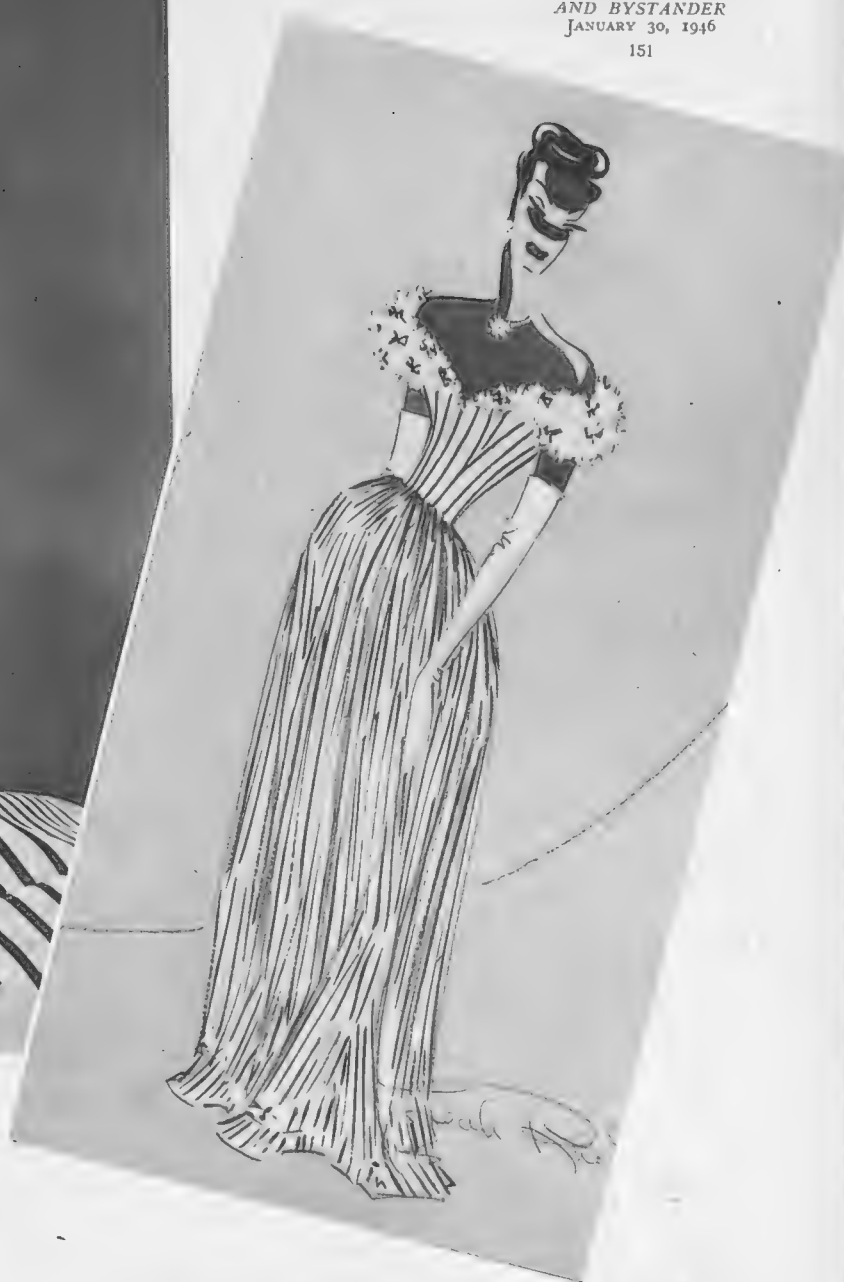
FASHION IN TWO CENTURIES

by Jean Lorimer



Twentieth - Century Line Finds Inspiration in Nineteenth-Century Design

INGRID BERGMAN, lovely, extravagant heroine of Edna Ferber's *Saratoga Trunk*, wears the sumptuous, romantic clothes of a past century—flowing skirts, wide hats, taffeta petticoats. How do such things compare with the austere fashions of to-day? We believe the pendulum is swinging back. Artist Leah Rhodes illustrates our theory. Spots and stripes are as popular now as they were a century ago. Wide shoulders, nipped-in waist, full skirts are still the mould of form, the boned, tightly-fitting bodice and off-the-shoulder décolleté still grace the modern ballroom. Knee-length drape gives way to one waist-high, and day skirts concede their inches, but the bustle is back and very much in evidence this year. Can it be true that even in the world of fashion "there is no new thing under the sun"?



ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing BOOKS

Smile

So few novels these days have a natural smile. A smile is not "worn"; it emanates from the personality; unlike the grin or the laugh, it is very often unconscious, the involuntary sign of an attitude towards life. Unlike, again, the grin or the laugh, a smile has no particular moral colour: the grin, and often the laugh, may be described as courageous, or bitter, or friendly, or sardonic, or smug, or secretive—the true smile eludes any adjective; it is simply a smile. It has been an indisputable fact that intellectual novelists are, in the main, unsmiling, and from thence, I suppose, has come the increasing idea that the reading of clever novels is one of the "oughts" of life, but cannot be reckoned among its pleasures. Something is wrong with this outlook, I feel sure. There may not be much to smile at, but there is always something. The intellectual attitude that precludes a smile seems to me a, humanly, incomplete one—in fact, I go so far as to say that a smile is not only compatible with intelligence, it is inseparable from intelligence. This would seem to be shown by Nancy Mitford's new novel, *The Pursuit of Love* (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.).

The Pursuit of Love is, under analysis, a sad story. At the same time, the story is told with a speed, a poise, a raciness that would make the element seem to be comedy. Expectation of happiness in the characters and, most of all, in the heroine, runs high; the lack of relation between real happiness, when it is chanced upon, and so-called real life is shown, but not discouragingly.

Linda Radlett's adventures in pursuit of love are given us by her cousin and confidante, Fanny. The six young Radletts, children of Lord Alconleigh, compose a distinctive family group; one might say, a guerilla band. The annals of their childhood, their language, their pre-occupations defy flat comment in a review: they are at once hair-raising and endearing. Their father, a natural inhabitant of the eighteenth century, has failed to observe, and would see no reason to countenance, any alteration in life since that better time: sublime in his eccentricity, as father and uncle he is a doubtful gift.

"The Hons."

"THE HONS." (to name their secret society), equipped, far from meanly, with their philosophy, emerge, one by one, from the fastness of Alconleigh—"a large, ugly, north-facing Georgian house, built with only one intention, that of sheltering, when the weather was too bad to be out of doors, a succession of bucolic squires, their wives, their enormous families, their father's relict and their unmarried sisters . . . a house . . . from which to rush out all day to kill enemies or animals." Charming contrarieties of temperament—such, for instance, as keen devotion to blood sport coupled with morbid fondness for animals—diversify the Radletts' careers of trial-and-error in the outside world. It is Linda, the second daughter, the most naive, the most feeling, whom Miss Mitford has pin-pointed by her art.

Fanny, the story-teller, is washed up at Alconleigh, young in life, after the first of her mother's many elopements—this lady, in fact, is known to her family as "the Bolter." The dialogue on the death of the white mouse places Fanny's relationship with her Uncle Matthew (Lord Alconleigh) early on:

"I hear Brenda has died," he said, "no great loss I should say. That mouse stank like merry hell. I expect you kept her cage too near the radiator; I always told you it was unhealthy, or did she die of old age?"

"She was only two," I said timidly.

Uncle Matthew's charm, when he chose to turn it on, was considerable, but at that time I was always mortally afraid of him and made the mistake of letting him see I was.

"You ought to have a dormouse, Fanny, or a rat. They are much more interesting than white mice—though I must say, of all the mice I ever knew, Brenda was the most utterly dismal."

"She was dull," I said sycophantly.

"When I go to London after Christmas, I'll get you a dormouse. Saw one the other day at the Army & Navy."

"Oh Fa, it is unfair," said Linda, who was walking her pony along beside us. "You know how I've always longed for a dormouse."

"It is unfair" was a perpetual cry of the Radletts when young. The great advantage of living in a large family is that early revelation of life's essential unfairness.

Third Time Lucky

UNFAIR, perhaps, as the outcome of a vehement and uncalculating belief in love, are the fiascos of Linda's two marriages—to Tony Kroesig, son and hope of a rich business family ("Once a Hun," remarks Lord Alconleigh, "always a Hun"), then to Christian Talbot, the Communist. Of the Kroesig parents, be it enough to say that they live in Surrey—Miss Mitford's picture (page 93) of a Surrey garden in April demands place in any pending anthology of horrific prose. Christian, as against Tony, is far from awful; he is at the utmost unsatisfactory; and his appearance in *The Pursuit of Love* terminates with his swerve to an ex-Girl Guide, met in the Spanish War. It is on her defeated return from Spain, where she has attempted to join Christian, that Linda encounters in Paris—or, strictly, is picked up by—Sauveterre, a French duke. An era of unconditional impropriety and absolute happiness sets in.

The outbreak of war casts the first rim of shadow over the Paris sunshine. Meanwhile, Fanny, from inside her own marriage—happy, and therefore with no history—remains, with regard to her cousin Linda, the onlooker with the almost psychic inside view. . . . *The Pursuit of Love* is enriched by several more characters, such as Davey Warbeck, junior uncle-by-marriage, and the benevolent, if capricious, Lord Merlin. The Alconleigh and the Paris scenes are the best. The dialogue has a wild inevitability. Miss Mitford shows an accomplishment that can afford to be slapdash, and, here and there, is. Her wit does not desiccate her romantic sense.

Short Stories

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER is America's leading woman short-story writer. Her latest collection, *The Leaning Tower* (Cape; 7s. 6d.), shows a wide variation of subject, and, correspondingly, variation in approach. The book, though not nominally divided, falls into three parts—each of these being so unlike the two others that, were it not for the brilliance of vision common to all, one would hardly believe them to be the work of the same hand. This in itself is excellent—lesser short-story writers, as they advance in technique, tend to narrow in range: they become over-susceptible to one sort of character or of scene and blind to others. They attach to themselves a formula or a style, and ignore any subject that will not fit. Miss Porter could, apart from anything else, rank as a major artist by virtue of the openness of her imagination and the ever fresh, ever vivid reactions of her feeling.

In *The Leaning Tower* she shows her command of three moods—the retrospective and elegiac; the realistic—up to the point of harshness, and the at once photographic and analytical. First, we have the Miranda sequence of stories—a little girl's days, years ago, in the Deep South. The child herself does not enter all of these, and I am not sure that the ones about old people—the grandmother and the old coloured servants

(Concluded on page 156)

CARAVAN

CAUSERIE

By Richard King

HOW difficult it is for us to believe that in others a change of heart is not deliberately wilful. They have done so and so, or refused to do as directed, through sheer cussedness. "You do not love me as you used to love me," moans the wife, far more in anger than in sorrow. As if love or any other form of conduct was merely a question of turning on a tap. The Church raves against the meagreness of its congregations, apparently on the assumption that the nave would be suffocatingly full if men and women were not so lazy and so thoughtless. Ardent Social Reformers pop about bent on getting people together, oblivious of the fact that women living in the same street can rarely live peacefully among themselves. The greatest World War in all history came at the moment when distance was obliterated and nation could speak to nation by merely turning a knob slightly to the left.

The fact is, I suppose, that there is some psychological undercurrent in all of us which, in spite of Good Will, cannot manage to turn on the right tap. When one of two lovers ceases to love, he, or she, is rarely happy about it. The non-churchgoer often envies those who can find peace and contentment in religion, while, try as he may, he cannot respond to the same appeal. Lots of us are devoted to *persons*, while we are bored unto death and beyond by *people*. Life would be much easier the other way round.

The inner world of living is a maze of criss-cross currents, and we have no more command over the "crisses" than we have over the "crosses." But everybody firmly believes—or, at least, acts as if they do—that other people should have full control of both. And if they haven't, then the only thing to do is to make them suffer.

Perhaps there is no such thing as Free Will in either the emotions or the mind. Were it otherwise the world, as well as the home, would run as easily as a hoop. If only we were all born and bred to cultivate a kind of doughy, middle-aged mind—which, incidentally, has nothing whatever to do with age—everybody would be satisfied, especially the doughy-minded. These minds are convinced that everyone who disappoints, disillusiones, or challenges their conventions does so through sheer wickedness, vice, immorality and other deliberate unpleasantness. They can never believe that often these renegades are far unhappier than those who regard them with so much disapproval. If only they could, most of them would turn on the tap which allows the Cup of Peace to be filled to overflowing. But, metaphorically speaking, often what looks like nectar to those who drink from that cup approvingly, appears like dish-water to those who filled the bowl.

Rarely, very rarely, does it ever occur to the "approvers" to wonder if they themselves and what they stand for have not made that "dish-water" as unappetising as it is. It is easier to moan and groan, punish, blame and condemn, even when often the "crime," such as it is, lies beyond the control of the criminal.

However, the conventional will never believe this. To them fidelity, faith, the will-to-succeed, selfishness, vice, virtue, honour, dishonour, beauty, ugliness, even age itself, is only the question of a deliberate refusal to turn on the right or wrong tap. And, oh! wouldn't it be nice if life together were as easy as all that?

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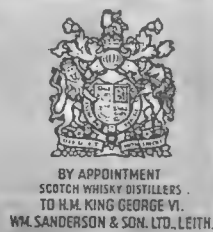
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Talbot — Crawford

Col. Mervyn Talbot, R.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. J. Talbot, of Bisham Lodge, Thames Ditton, married Miss Margaret (Gildie) Crawford, Flight Officer, W.A.A.F., elder daughter of Sir William and Lady Crawford, of Chesterfield House, South Audley Street, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Ramsay-Brown — Wray

Lt.-Col. Donald Ramsay-Brown, M.C., 1st Battalion, 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles, younger son of the late Rev. G. E. Brown, and of Mrs. Brown, married Miss Yvonne Doreen Wray, daughter of the late Mr. A. E. Wray, and of Mrs. Wray, of Cheltenham, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Munro of Foulis — French

Capt. Patrick Munro of Foulis, Seaforth Highlanders, son of the late Lt.-Col. Cecil Gascoigne, and of Mrs. Gascoigne, of Arduille Lodge, Dingwall, married Miss Eleanor French, daughter of Capt. the Hon. William and Mrs. French, of Crogham House, Boyle, County Roscommon, Eire



Murphy — Van Cutsem

Capt. Mark Desmond Murphy, 3rd Carabiniers, youngest son of Major and Mrs. F. Murphy, of Dunsland Court, Exbourne, Devon, married Miss Mary Christian van Cutsem, younger daughter of Count van Cutsem and the late Countess van Cutsem, at St. James's, Spanish Place

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Meredith



Spectator
BY WALLACE

ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 152)

in "The Source," "The Old Order" and "The Last Leaf" are not the loveliest in the whole collection—though, also, we have "The Grave"; in which the linking of two bizarre incidents leaves an indelible mark on Miranda's being. These Deep South stories, with their elegaic style, will speak straight to those who honour and love the past.

The middle group, and the middle mood—perhaps of the three, the least sympathetic—is represented by two adroit stories: "The Downward Path to Wisdom"—which deals with the emotional dereliction of a small boy round whom swirls contentious family life—and "A Day's Work"; remorseless study of the devastating effects, on all, of a "good" woman. Mrs. Halloran, nagging her out-of-work husband in a New York tenement, is a repulsive, terribly living figure: one is strung up by this story, but cannot love it.

Berlin

At the end of *The Leaning Tower* comes the title-story—long, a mood in itself, and, without any effect of awkward over-compassion, virtually a novel. A young American painter, Charles Upton, arrives, alone, and with meagre resources, in Berlin: he has been drawn here by the memory of a dead friend. His good will, his curiosity, his vitality are overborne by the sombre, sinister ugliness of the city. The slightest episode seems to sheathe a threat; indefinable uneasiness runs through his relations with other people—his chatty but grasping landlady and his three fellow lodgers. The very bulk of Berlin seems ominous; and Charles, with quivering nerves, reads into everything round him a feeling of apprehension—is Berlin, in fact, apprehending its already not distant fate?

Incidents are many: each, because of its importance to Charles, stands out clearly. Events, in the larger sense, are actually few. The characters—Frau Reichl and the three youths with whom Charles endeavours to make friends—loom through a brown gloom of choked daylight and coarse lace curtains. Frau Reichl's pathetic Italian ornament, broken by Charles on arrival, is a symbol. Before all, this is a study of an abnormal atmosphere, and of a normal young man's reaction to it. If Katherine Anne Porter had written nothing else, she would live by this—a quite superb piece of work.

Sarah Bernhardt

Madame Sarah, by May Agate (Home & Van Thal, 9s. 6d.) is a simple and glowing study of the great actress, from the point of view of a pupil and young friend. When I say "simple," I mean that Miss Agate's way of writing—one might almost say, speaking—about her happy relationship

with Sarah Bernhardt is totally spontaneous and unaffected: actually, several technical chapters of the book are close-written, and need close, intelligent reading. They embody, though in Miss Agate's words, Sarah Bernhardt's exposition of her art.

The manner in which Miss Agate came to be Bernhardt's pupil, the procedure of the cours (in the actress's own theatre), and the anxieties and delights of that Paris winter, are on record here. In the reader's mind will remain a whole string of pictures, luminous and intimate: myself, I love to imagine that small gold salon, one of the private suite that opened on to the stage of the Bernhardt theatre. And, there are flashing glimpses of the great woman in play, in her different parts. For instance, this (in *The Trial of Joan of Arc*):

The property chains being removed, she made the wrists of every member of the audience ache unbearably, as she gently massaged first one and then the other of her own poor wrists with the spare hand, spreading out stiffened fingers which could have sworn had been benumbed for hours!

Taylor

We are again indebted to Hamish Hamilton, publishers, for the appearance, on this side of the water, of yet another collection by a *New Yorker* artist. Taylor, at this time. *The Better Taylors* (15s.) presents a galaxy (or inferno, according to how you see it) of those swan-fronted, high-coiffed, beak-nosed, poached-egg-eyed ladies, with the attendant male. No picture-book lover should miss this.



Miss Patricia V. Hennessy

Miss Patricia Hennessy whose engagement was recently announced to Major Anthony D. V. Hough, the Rifle Brigade. Miss Hennessy is the only daughter of Sir Patrick and Lady Hennessy of Standon Massey, Essex.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

The Customer

IN the world to which we are now being introduced, the customer is always wrong and the official is always right. Rarely does the customer receive any notice at all. Consequently it was a pleasant change when Sir Frederick Handley Page, speaking after Lord Winster at a meeting of the Royal Empire Society, urged that the creature comforts of the air passenger be occasionally considered.

We all tend to get so wrapped up in doctrinaire discussions, in lofty design and administrative problems, that we forget that the object of an air line ought to be to serve its passengers. The trend of Government is unmistakably to use air lines as instruments of policy; to employ them not for the pleasure, or comfort or convenience of the individual, but for the aggrandisement of the State. The aggrandisement of the State and not the happiness of the individual is the object of present-day Government; our own and some others. Unfortunately the aggrandisement of the State means that State air lines become strategic air lines.

The largest State air line organization the world has ever known was a strategic organization, designed to strengthen the State as a whole and not to serve the individual. This was the German Lufthansa of the immediate pre-war period. Let us hope we learn the lesson from that fact. It is much kinder, much safer and much more sensible to run air lines for the benefit of individuals than for the benefit of the State.

Guildhall Gathering

LORD WINSTER was also at the Guildhall gathering to celebrate the eightieth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Aeronautical Society. But the chief Government speaker on this occasion was Mr. John Wilmot, Minister of Supply and Aircraft Production. There was a very large number of guests and the long chamber was packed with tables. To me the high-light of the evening was the singing of grace by a male voice quartet. The voices could be heard clearly in spite of the immense size of the room and the fact that the singers were not—so far as I could distinguish—using a microphone.

Bermuda

WHAT precisely is happening at Bermuda nobody seems to know. The original theory was that the International Air Traffic Association would deal with matters of fixing Atlantic fares—in other words that it was to be an international fixing. Then suddenly the I.A.T.A. conference was postponed and British and American officials met in Bermuda. Perhaps by the time these notes come out we shall have heard some explanation of the mystery. Meanwhile the Russians, the French and the Dutch must be puzzled.

Motor Car Prices

ONE who knows the motor car business surprised me the other day when he said that the prices of new cars had only risen by 47 per cent. I had the impression that the increase had been much larger. But the purchase tax throws out the calculations. Even an eight horse-power car becomes expensive when the purchase tax has been added. The Standard Eight, for instance, costs £245 but the purchase tax adds £68 16s. 1d. The Standard Twelve drop head coupe costs £415 but the tax is £116 0s. 7d.—the sevenpence being a sort of civil servant's signature, illegible and unnecessary.

There are signs of much greater design activity in the motor car world. The Gregoire I have already mentioned. A friend who has tried it is well impressed by its performance. And there is a desperate need today for plentiful supplies of a small, simple motor car. Then there is the Healey 2.4 litre car—with its excellent power-to-weight ratio. This is more orthodox, but the makers have succeeded in achieving a new body line, in both the open and saloon versions, which is interesting without being outré. The Healey has coil spring suspension. Body styles are difficult to develop without going to extremes. The Americans tend towards flamboyance, but they achieve some remarkably good-looking motor cars. In the Healey we have something which is also good-looking though without the flamboyance and in a size well suited to the English market.

Training Methods

THE Desford trainer is to be used to popularize Royal Air Force training methods. It will go to South America after it has passed its tests at Boscombe Down and there it will be used to demonstrate the instructional system used in the Service. One feature of this machine is the interconnected flap and throttle device which raises the flaps to climb setting if the throttles are opened after a baulked landing. The pupil does not want to have more to do than can be avoided in such circumstances. He does not want to have to grope about for levers.

The Desford also has a good single-engine performance, another valuable feature in training. To my old-fashioned ideas it seems strange to train ab initio with a twin-engined aircraft; but I am assured that the scheme works well. The engines are de Havilland Gipsy Major Series 1 four-cylinder units. Altogether the aircraft shows many good points as an elementary trainer. And that means in turn that it might well be developed into a private owner's aircraft. I have not heard of any intention in this direction; but then the market for personal aircraft is not yet stabilized.



Sir Eric Palmer

Sir Eric Palmer, Chairman of Huntley and Palmers Ltd., was awarded the K.B.E. in the New Year's Honours list. During the war Sir Eric was chairman of the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers' War Time Alliance Ltd.—the organization set up by the Government to control the biscuit industry. Sir Eric's son, Col. C. Alan S. Palmer, was recently awarded the D.S.O. following his work with the Military Mission in Albania.

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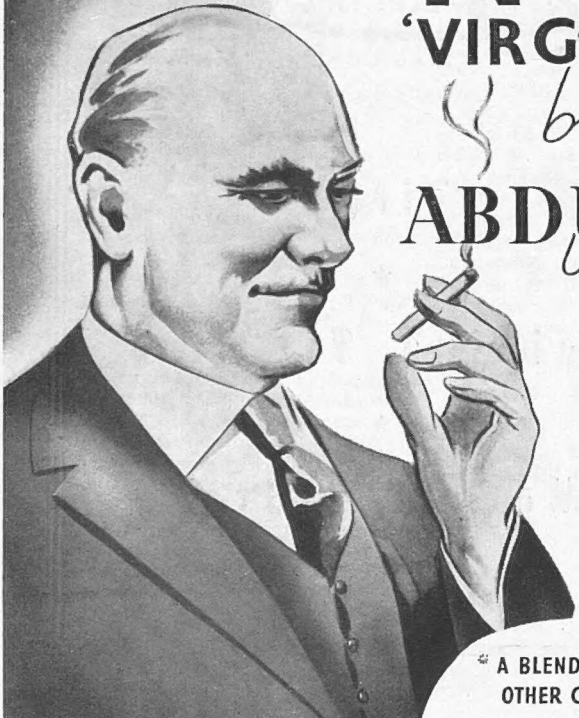
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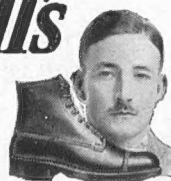
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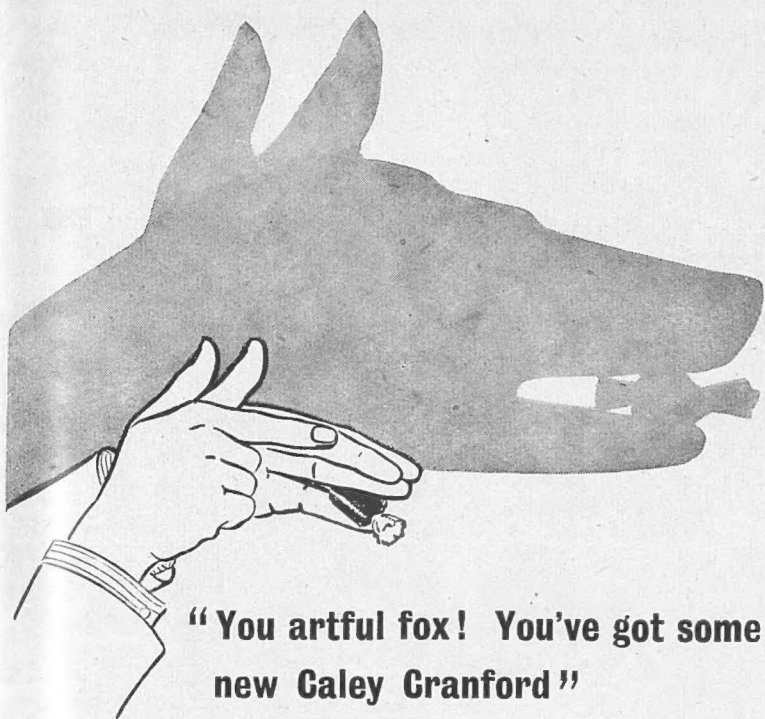
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